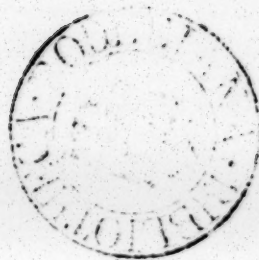


T H I N G S

A S

T H E Y A R E.

RATIO ULTIMA REGUM.



Motto to the Cannon.



L O N D O N :

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MDCCCLXVIII.



THINGS AS THEY ARE.

WHILE men grow vain with Pow'r and STATE,
They, foolish, *think*—they can create!
Model their SPECIES to their will,
As if they had *Promethean* skill;
Assume more arrogance and pride,
Than all the *thinking* world beside;
Bear down like torrents all before 'em,
And out-cast those that won't adore 'em:
Such wretches thirst not after FAME,
Nor *think* of an immortal name;
While GENIUS, musing to be clever,
Studies to die—and lives for ever!

[2]

Ill-fated WILKES! Who can explore
 Thy suff'rings with the needy poor?
 Who can foresee thy future FATE—
 Depending on the WILL of STATE?
 A Will!—capricious as the end—
 Marking *thee* FOE—instead of FRIEND!

Ye second-fighted northern crew,
 What mighty schemes have ye in view?
 Ye poor enthusiastic wretches,
 Will ye be Judges and Jack-ketches?
 With FACTION wild your nation raves—
 And would be tyrants while you're slaves;
 No *medium* unto you is known,
 No GOD can please you—but your own:
 Your RULING PASSION is such PRIDE,
 That's SCORN'D by all the world beside.
 Was't WILKES that made the dust to rise
 Like smoke from altars—to the skies?
 Or, was't your IDOL, meagre, lean,
 Long-fided, and of homely mein,

That

That rais'd it FIRST throughout the land,
And flung the flaming firebrand?

Ye sages, learn'd in WISDOM's lore,
Can you his SECRET SCHEMES explore?
Can you foresee OLD ENGLAND's doom
For any term of years to come?
Are you prepar'd against such things
As may disturb the BEST of KINGS?
If so—no more his pow'r dread,
Nor suffer him to take the lead:
Is he more wise? Must he dictate
To BRITISH *senators* of state?
Has he more skill? Is he more true
Than CAMDEN? Or, the *worst* of you?
Are you not by the public choice,
The PUBLIC GOOD—the PUBLIC VOICE?
Has he more GRACES than the THRONE.
He would eclipse—or sit upon?
Under whose sanction he bestows
Its GLORIES on ignoble FOES;

Pursues its FRIENDS with secret spite—
 Slurs TRUTHS they speak, and FACTS they write;
 Regardless of the peoples moans,
 Their starving state, their dying groans!

Ye BRITISH STATE with vigor rise,
 Be dignify'd as *learn'd* and *wise*;
 Submit no more to such a thing
 Who'd rule your COUNCIL and your * * * *;
 Buoy up your COUNTRY—sinking low
 Beneath the weight of wretched woe!
 Rouze, rouze yourself, implore the THRONE
 Ere your dear country is undone;
 TRUTH is a Virtue—that declare
 In PUBLIC to the ROYAL EAR;
 Point out the EARWIGS of the state;
 The WAYS and MEANS they came so great;
 The lustre * * * * takes off the crown—
 And ORDER in CONFUSION thrown:
 Then draw his iron masque aside,
 And shew his insolence and pride;

Go back to our *most* glorious peace,
 And all his secret actions trace ;
 With willing hands draw up the blind,
 And shew him naked to mankind ;
 Shew him, thus stript, before the * * * * .
 With * * * * enough to make a string.

Methinks I see your shoulders shrug,
 And all your PENSIONS closely hug ;
 And hum—and hah—and say, “ ’tis thus !
 “ But, what’s his private acts to us ?
 “ No wise man lives in these sad times,
 “ Unless he deals in GOLDEN CRIMES—
 “ Crimes that engage the noblest lord
 “ To pawn his honour—break his word ;
 “ His dearest Friends to sacrifice,
 “ To gratify the reigning vice.”

Thus knaves at will, great TRUTHS decline,
 Believe their SUBTLE CRAFT—divine !
 Ne’er put their CONSCIENCE to the test ;
 For that’s a laughing standing jest !

’Tis

'Tis only fit for slaves to wear
When great DISTRESSES prove severe;
When they for aid to HEAV'N fly—
It serves them well enough to die!

Ah WILKES! thy fate's the fate of FATE;
The law that holds thee, LAW of STATE;
A LAW!—that makes all laws to bend
From the beginning to the end;
A LAW! that can all laws contract,
And put WHOLE volumes in ONE ACT—
One ACT! one WORD!—if its well pointed
By the THANE, or LORD's *****;
Nor think we to excess have run—
A CANNON's but ONE word—nor GUN!

Should SENSE proclaim the LAW is clear,—
Would you not think THAT Sense severe?
The LAW, however well 'tis worded,
Is not deem'd GOOD, 'till 'tis recorded;
Tho' oftentimes a Precedent
Perverts its *Meaning* and *Intent*;

And,

And, when a SOPHIST's advocate,
The LAW's oft center'd in his *Prate*;
He twists and twirls it round-about—
Till Judge and Jury's in a doubt;
And when its made a *doubtful* case,
He gets the CAUSE by dint of FACE:
But this we KNOW, unto our sorrow,
What's LAW to-day—is *not* to-morrow.

Who would stand up in FREEDOM's Cause,
For CONSTITUTION and its LAWS,
If they like MISCREANTS must be slighted—
While the NATION's gull'd —or frightened?

Ah, WILKES! thy GENIUS and thy MERIT,
Did half thy BRETHREN but inherit,
They soon would set thy body free,
And all huzza for LIBERTY!
But more than half have caught the itch—
And wade through brimstone to get rich;
Then force their *stomachs* to comply
With INSOLENCe and TYRANNY.

But you, possess'd of honest pride,
 Can spurn at GUILT—detest the BRIBE,
 Can wear serene your CONSCIENCE clear—
 Free as a lark in th' atmosphere;
 And in THIS day you would defend
 Your COUNTRY—and your COUNTRY'S FRIEND;
 But as you're barr'd and close immur'd—
 By MINISTERIAL CRAFT secur'd—
 Keep up FORTITUDE—draw your pen—
 And lash the *warst* of wicked men:
 Then point out to FREE ELECTORS
 The *Creatures* they have chose protectors;
 That they have bought 'em and will sell 'em;
 And this in downright ENGLISH tell 'em;
 No matter whether prose or rhimes,
 Depict their manners and their crimes,
 Expose them to DERISION's eye,
 With all the pomp of infamy!

Yet what will such PLAIN TRUTHS avail
 While you're confin'd within a jail?

You

You may write on with great success—
 And shew your COUNTRY in distress,
 Prove thousands in the land now starving,
 Wanting employment—tho' deserving;
 And thousands now of artists fled
 To foreign climes to seek their bread,
 While foreign knaves to ENGLAND come—
 And starve the few that's left at home:
 Their rustic honest hearts disdain
 To wear an arbitrary chain!
 While such EXOTICS take a kick,
 And, like a spaniel, spittle lick.

Such sad truths you may explore,
 And repeat them o'er and o'er,
 The parties of the PARASITE
 Can swear white's black, and black is white.

Does it not fill you with surprize
 (As we're a people brave and wise—
 With ENGLISH BLOOD within our veins)
 To see a ***** guide the reins?

Are they more wise?—Are they more just?
 Are they more faithful to their trust?
 Must they to PLACES be appointed,
 To deceive the LORD's anointed?
 Their burning hatred might be seen
 Th' other day at ABERDEEN—
 Where YOU and FREEDOM were contemn'd,
 And BOTH unto the flames condemn'd.

Since they dear LIBERRY deride,
 And starve with POVERTY and PRIDE,
 May they, like asses, e'er be rid,
 And forc'd to do—whate'er they're bid.

While you, the Fav'rite of APOLLO,
 Shall ride on PEGASUS—and, *holla!*
 Alarm the GODS on heights sublime,
 And to their happy regions climb,
 Survey their realms of endless blifs,
 And, like their GODSHIPS, pity this!

When

When there—you may implore advice,
 And call a COUNCIL in the skies—
 Take their OPINION and ASSISTANCE
 In your present case—RESISTANCE:
 Whether to BAAL you should bend—
 Or, suffer as your COUNTRY's friend?
 Whatever way they may direct—
 Pursue with pleasure and respect;
 Their COUNCIL will direct you best,
 Both HERE and THERE to live at rest;
 The which you may—their GODSHIPS grant,
 And you have *all you wish and want.*

Then to the earth with joy descend,
 And your COUNTRY'S RIGHTS defend;
 Receive from millions just applause,
 Resulting from the noblest cause;
 Respected live—regretted—die!
 And leave—*what gold can never buy—*
 Exemplified VIRTUE—dear to FAME!
 And, on record—a dear-bought name.

But if we now the ISLE survey—
 Our dear-bought FREEDOM falls a prey
 To BRIB'RY and DESPOTIC FORCE,
 To military foot and horse,
 To all the evils that may come,
 From FRANCE, from SCOTLAND, and from ROME.

At first—if legislative rules
 Were made for KNAVES as well as FOOLS,
 The FOOLS were made to eat and drink,
 As well as KNAVES—to loll and think :
 The simple, honest ENGLISH BREED,
 Will WORK and FIGHT—as well as FEED ;
 That SPIRIT !—which FOOLS want subdu'd—
 Is COURAGE in the MULTITUDE ;
 And, if they will that COURAGE check—
 When shall we take a *New Quebec* ?
 Punish according to deserts,
 But, break their GALLS, you break their HEARTS.
 A HINT's enough—we'll drop the thought :
 WITS *never* GOOD *till* dearly BOUGHT.

If once OPPRESSION home they feel,
 Their lives go for the COMMON-WEAL ;
 And bay'nets, and guns, and fwords,
 Prevail not half so much as words ;
 Good-natur'd words from PATRIOT's tongue,
 Amidst ten thousand in a throng,
 Would make 'em give three loud huzzas !
 Their rage dispel and clamour cease.

Yet some may think that fword and gun,
 Will make ten thousand NATIVES run—
 (When met with fervent ardent zeal
 For FRIEND—or for the COMMON-WEAL)
 Know little of their constitution,
 Their honest hearts and resolution ;
 For *Bobadil* 'em—in an hour—
 The next, you'd have ten thousand more ;
 Then *kill them too*—and more would rise,
 And swarm as bees and summer flies.

Such THINGS !—that govern by SUPPOSES—
 And see no farther than their noses,

Are

Are no more fit to hold the HELM—
 Than failors are to rule the REALM :
 Yet TIME, with long EXPERIENCE,
 Might teach—*true Wisdom's common sense* ;
 That common people have five senses,
 And understand the moods and tenfes ;
 Know when they're grieved and oppressed,
 And why at present they're distressed ;
 Have sense enough to hold their tongues,
 'Till TIME or FATE shall right their wrongs :
 They'll not by any Pow'r be rid,
 Nor do what MINISTERS shall bid ;
 They're neither made of dough nor wax,
 Nor like the sound of H*****X ;
 Nor any other NAME despotic ;
 Nor MEASURES—that they deem exotic ;
 They must be BRITISH—open, free—
 Fit for an ENGLISHMAN to see.

Ye men of law !—ye learned few !
 Is not good-nature e'er with you ?

Cannot

Cannot you free him from a jail
By taking of *undoubted* bail?
Favour the ERRORS—IF—he writ—
And save a MAN of SENSE and WIT.

'Twas WHISPER'D, that some Pow'R dictated—
That he unto a jail was fated—
Fated in jail to die and rot—
'Till HE and LIBERTY's forgot!

Pray, don't you think that WHISPER fine—
Feel something *tingling* in each line?
FATED IN JAIL TO DIE AND ROT—
'TILL—WILKES AND LIBERTY'S FORGOT!

But HEAV'N or CHANCE may interfere,
And shew THINGS really AS THEY ARE;
Expose them to the wise and brave,
Who hate the *very* name of SLAVE,
Hate *partial* JUDGMENT, and despise
The TOOLS in Pow'R—tho' rich and wise;

Hate all PROCEEDINGS — scabby — scurvy —
 Turning COHERENCE topsy-turvy —
 Making known TRUTH a tawdry DOUBT,
 By turning CONSCIENCE inside out,
 And setting up some *vague* pretence
 To gag the mouth of COMMON SENSE.

A good cause *may* be ill defended,
 And a bad one *may* be mended;
 But truth ITSELF stands absolute,
 The test of SCANDAL and DISPUTE:
 Few TOOLS of Pow'r can give the WHY
 The GREATEST TRUTH should be a LIE;
 Tho' some STATE SOPHISTS grope it out
 By INUENDOS — round-about —
 Rich of FIVE SENSES they abuse 'em,
 By saying OTHERS must NOT use 'em;
 While TRUTH serene can stand the test,
 And *smile* foul FALSHOOD into Jest,
 Keeping to PLAIN and COMMON SENSE
 Whene'er she's put on her defence:

For,

For don't you think 'em very pretty,
Learn'd, humane, and very witty?

But, alas!—the MEASURE yields
Sad Prospect in *St. George's Fields*—
Where multitudes had been to see
The PLACE that could hold LIBERTY!
And being there the tenth of *May*,
In frisky mood they went to play;
Some play'd at *this* thing, some at *that*,
Some went to play at ball and bat;
Some tofs'd-up for tarts and pies,
While others propagated lies;
Some went to whim and odd vagary,
Some gamblers took-in th' unwary:
While frisky at their fun and play—
Behold!—the guards in dread array!
In accent *northern—to depart—*
Or, have a bay'net at the heart:
Then G * * * * * M read the proclamation—
Each to depart to his own station:

Without being there, we may aver it,
 That not one man with ears could hear it:
 Be that as't may—we'll go no further—
 No ORDERS fure were given to murther!
 The multitude that were at play,
 Had fure as good a right as they
 To walk the fields, and breathe fresh air,
 As any foldier that was there;
 And there they had remained quiet,
 If *Scotchmen* had not bred the riot;
 Murray, MacLaurie, and MacClean,
 Creatures despotic as the THANE,
 Their rank did quit, in 'vengeful mood,
 And a young stripling close pursu'd,
 (Who only was a looker-on,
 A fav'rite boy!—an only son!)
 Running for safety to a shed
 Near his own home—was there shot dead!
 E'er since, his mother, screaming, cries—
 See!—where my murder'd BILLY lies!
 Four or five more stone-dead were shot,
 And fifteen wounded on the spot!

By

By this beginning so near home,
 The WISE may GUESS at what's to come ;
 May see despotic rankling MALICE,
 Sow CIVIL DISCORD round the PALACE,
 Alarming of the ROYAL EAR
 With murder and with civil war ;
 So keep whole regiments under arms,
 To save—our PREMISES from harms.

How wonderful the scheme!—how great !
 What depth of thought to serve the STATE!—
 To *serve* ourselves—to *save* our PENSIONS,
 And frame NEW claims on OLD pretensions !

But will the MILITARY AID
 Increase our COMMERCE and our TRADE ?
 Don't manufactures sleeping lye,
 Which many artists might employ ?
 Why don't you thither turn your eyes
 Why not destroy MONOPOLIES ?
 Why not erect in every town,
 A ROYAL GRANARY for the CROWN ?

Then—retail it as you buy it,
And keep the poor and needy quiet.

Why not improve the ROYAL WASTES,
Feed sheep, and swine, and horned beasts,
That might employ ten thousand poor,
And very soon—ten thousand more?
They'd cultivate each barren spot
(By giving each a LITTLE lot)
Whereon their offspring might be fed—
The CROWN be serv'd, and THEY have bread.

CONTRACTORS but monopoly:
Make ARTIFICIAL scarcity:
If so—a prudent government
Might, when they may, such CRAFT prevent,
Distribute PLENTY through a NATION
Threaten'd with want and desolation,
Exert their Pow'r to cultivate
Crown lands, crown laws, and regal state.

But

But where's the MONEY to be found
To cultivate this barren ground,
To erect granaries through the land,
And PEACE and PLENTY thus command?

Where?—The grand and chief MONOP'LY,
May every exigence supply:
And ought, in justice, to devour
The LITTLE ONES that rob the poor;
So AARON'S rod, of larger size,
The SMALL ONES swallow'd in a trice.
Has not the BRITISH BLOOD been sown
On INDIAN soil—we call our own?
Should not the CROWN the PROFITS reap
To make PROVISIONS good and cheap?
Exert your POW'R—lay down a plan—
Instead of FOUR *, claim TEN *per Ann.*

* As the government have already claimed four hundred thousand pounds per ann. from the East India Company, for past and present services; they, undoubtedly, have as good a right to claim six hundred thousand pounds per ann. more, for the service of the PUBLIC, when it is to be applied to such glorious and noble purposes. The company may think it *extremely wrong* to desire it; but, as the PUBLIC have suffered

ONE MILLION POUNDS from them *per* year
 The PUBLIC and the CROWN should share :
 Six hundred thousand pounds, in GRAIN,
 The poor, with labour, might maintain ;
 The FOUR the CROWN has got, may fence
 The ROYAL WASTES—and pay expence
 Of digging, ploughing, grubbing, sowing,
 Burning, dunging, and of mowing ;
 To purchase STOCK—from whence to breed—
 And all the BRITISH NAVY feed ;
 Were all the BRITISH NAVY fed
 With beef, and pork, and pulse and bread,
 Produc'd from off NEGLECTED land,
 What PLENTY might we not command ?

suffered and daily do suffer by their monopolizing the East India trade, they say it is *extremely right*. If the late acquisitions by my lord Clive amount to upwards of fifteen hundred thousand pounds per ann. surely by having their charter, and the protection of the government continued to them, they might rest very well contented with the additional accumulation of five hundred thousand pounds per ann. By this aid, little internal MONOPOLIES might be prevented ; new APPOINTMENTS might be made for men of probity and understanding, now wanting employment ; twenty thousand labourers might be put to work ; manufactories might thrive ; commercial interest increase ; and the lowest class of people, even beggars, now pinched with hunger, have their bellies full, and have better courage, and more strength and vigour to fight, when necessity calls, for their KING and COUNTRY.

What

What PLACES might not be APPOINTED?
 What BLESSINGS crown the LORD'S ANOINTED?
 What pop'lar PRAISE attend the MAN
 That PERFECTS such a glorious PLAN?
 That PLENTY makes throughout the ISLE,
 And PEACE, with pleasing aspect, smile.

These broken HINTS, tho' seeming *crude*,
 Were they WELL study'd and pursu'd—
 The KINGDOM might be LULL'D to rest,
 And GEORGE the THIRD, be GEORGE THE BLEST.

A DECLARATION

A
D E C L A R A T I O N
ECHOED FROM THE FIRST-RATE
E G O T I S T
I N
G R E A T - B R I T A I N.

“ **Y**E grumbling BRITONS, trembling look and bow;
“ Humbly submit—and learn O U R S E L F to know:
“ I’m by the GODS inspir’d—and WILL bear sway
“ And RULE despotic—and you SHALL obey;
“ MY bosom heaves—MY pride no bounds contain;
“ Your murm’rings and your threats I scorn—disdain:
“ Your LIBERTY’s licentious:—And—*d’ye bear?*
“ You won’t submit thro’ CHOICE, but SHALL thro’ FEAR:
“ Luxuriant PLENTY marks your discontent;
“ Snarling for snarling’s sake, at Government:
“ MY INT’REST can PREVAIL much more than GOLD:
“ MY Pow’r is from the GODS—and THAT I’ll hold;

“ By

“ By and through THEM, I AM the SECOND CAUSE,
 “ And can create at WILL—new Modes—new Laws;
 “ Such is MY Pow’r—then learn, and understand,
 “ That what I *please* to *do*—I DARE command.

“ Certain as FATE I act—*remotely* seen—
 “ Securely ’trench’d behind a SACRED Skreen;
 “ Where, by a WHISPER—fraught with *pleasing* words,
 “ I blight the FAIREST Truth upon Records:
 “ The GODS full kind, so aid MY Mother-wit,
 “ That all the FOIBLES of my PUPIL’s hit;
 “ MY secret THOUGHTS instil into his soul,
 “ That ALL the Pow’r on Earth cannot controul:
 “ Hence, if *seditious fools* MY Pow’r dare try—
 “ And fail in their attempt—they’re jail’d—or—die.

“ MY Will thus known—no ENGLISHMAN will *dare*
 “ To move his tongue—or point a poison’d spear
 “ Against MY Virtues, and MY honour’d PRIDE,
 “ That FAME, with rapture, carries far and wide—
 “ (If not on *Zephyrs*—bear them on the wings
 “ Of Wasps and Hornets with unvenom’d stings)

“ So

" So *loud* proclaim MY greatness and repute,

" The GODS cry out—*We are* EXCELL'D by * * * *!

" Then why this noise about *poor* ENGLISH FREEDOM—

" Its SACRED LAWS—if ALTER'D—*when* you NEED 'em;

" When, by MY pow'rful MEANS, they are perverted,

" And you, by learned counsel, are deserted?

" Hear WISDOM'S SELF—and quit your cross-grain'd ways;

" Reverse MY Person—and with rev'rence gaze—

" You MUST be GOVERNED—and—so you SHALL;

" Then, why not *bend the stubborn knee to* BAAL?"

F I N I S.

